

The Ballad of Robert Johnson

by [Adam Fieled](#) 10 October, 2018



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Mojo unhinged, he tumbles in black—
voice in a skewer, blood-flow gone slack.
He slept w/ a girl behind somebody's back.

Her body a car, she drove through the door—
bed like a highway, sheets on the floor.
He came into something he never went for.

The man on the porch was blacker than jet—
mottled in whiskey, bitter and wet.
He offered the flask with a little regret.

Chills in Rob's chest knew something was wrong—
juice was too sharp, its tang was too strong—
mud in his guts like an unfinished song.

Collapsed on the road, hellhounds close in—
nothing but maggots crawl under his skin.
All for a lover he never could win.

Legends arose when he lay in the ground—
at midnight, the crossroads, shadows abound,
he waits with the Devil but can't make a sound.

Yet Robert's still singing, and never can go—
he's hotter than asphalt, colder than snow.
His knowledge of evil bewitches and glows.

The crossroads are here, the Devil is rife—
with each one we love, we give up our life.
Remember poor Robert when you take a wife.



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